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# The Sketch.

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# The Sketch

No. 1178.—Vol. XCI.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 25, 1915.

SIXPENCE.



THE BRIDE IN HER WEDDING-DRESS; THE BRIDEGROOM IN "THE ONLY WEAR":  
MR. AND THE HON. MRS. ADRIAN BETHELL.

The Hon. Clarissa Tennant, who was married on Aug. 19 to Mr. William Adrian Vincent Bethell, was described by Mrs. Asquith as the most beautiful bride she had ever seen. The wedding was more than usually attractive as well as interesting, and the bride looked very lovely in a gown of white brocade with delicate embroidery of silver thread on the tulle net of the sleeves and neck, and a train of ermine-trimmed

silver tissue. Her wreath was of orange-blossoms and foliage. Mr. Adrian Bethell, who wore "the only wear," khaki, is in the 2nd Life Guards, and a guard of honour was mounted at St. Margaret's by troopers of his regiment, all the twenty-four being men home on leave from the front, having, like the bridegroom himself, been wounded on active service.—[*Photograph by Vandyk.*]





"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND"

### The Flight of Time.

"The whole life of man is but a point of time."

I was recently taken to task by the *Spectator*—(Oh, the pride which fills me as I write those words! Let me, I implore you, repeat them!)

I was recently taken to task by the *Spectator* for being too light-hearted. The *Spectator* is quite certain that I am a very shallow person, that I have never known a sorrow of my own, that I have never had the capacity to sympathise with the sorrows of others.

"Mr. Keble Howard," says the *Spectator*, "seems incapable of any sense of tragedy; he is able even now to look on at the world with an optimism so cheery that we cannot but envy him."

Well, at the risk of another notch against my name in the black books of the *Spectator*—such big, musty old books, bound in solid, well-worn leather—I must profess that I take this rebuke as a compliment. Long ago I stumbled on the truth that the man who deals in sorrow is the man who has known the least sorrow in his own life, whereas the man who strives to make others a little happier is the man who knows the desperate need of humanity for such happiness as may be wrenched from life.

However, I am in the mood to-day to strive to please the *Spectator* by being mournful. That is why I have quoted Plutarch at the head of this note, and carefully omitted Plutarch's subsequent exhortation to enjoy life while it lasts.

"Nae man can tether time or tide."—BURNS.

"Time rolls his ceaseless course."—SCOTT.

"His golden locks time hath to silver turned;  
O time too swift! Of swiftness never ceasing!  
His youth 'gainst time and age hath ever spurned,  
But spurned in vain; youth waneth by increasing."

—GEORGE PEELE.

"When Time who steals our years away  
Shall steal our pleasures, too."—THOMAS MOORE.

(Third and fourth lines, being cheerful, suppressed.)

"For of fortune's sharpe adversite,  
The worst kind of infortune is this—  
A man that hath been in prosperite,  
And it remember whan it passed is."—CHAUCER.

"Go, little booke! go, my little tragedie!"—CHAUCER.

(The above for quotation on fly-leaf of new novel before sending to the *Spectator*.)

"Let the world slide, let the world go;  
A fig for care, and a fig for woe!  
If I can't pay, why, I can owe,  
And death makes equal the high and low."—HEYWOOD.

(Inserted by mistake and with many apologies.)

### A Promise Come Home to Roost.

But why this gloomy mood? I will tell you in a flash, enemy the reader. (May I have that amended phrase put to my credit, Mister *Spectator*?) Some time ago, oh—as Mr. Wells says—quite a long time ago, a lady wrote to me from the extreme North of England—oh, quite the extreme North, about a yard from the Border—asking me to open the Annual Show of the Horticultural Society. It was not, she explained, any flippancy affair, but one such as would delight

the heart of Mister *Spectator*. A show, in short, to stimulate and encourage the growth of all useful things, such as potatoes, and beans, and vegetable marrows, and cabbages, and even the somewhat highly coloured, roystering tomato.

And so, you know (I cannot get away from Mr. Wells this morning), I said I would do it with pleasure—oh, with very great pleasure, though marvelling much why so obscure an individual should be selected for so great an honour. And I thought to myself, even as I sealed the envelope: "This is yet a long way off. Much may happen in the meantime."

Now you see the reason for those gloomy quotations. The time has come.

### The Blight in the Garden.

Actually, and in sober truth, not only am I the furthest person off, but I am also the last person in the world to open the Annual Show of that excellent and far-famed Horticultural Society. I don't suppose there was ever a person born so hopelessly at variance with all things that grow from the soil as myself. As a small boy, I had allotted to me a small portion of ground called, for some obscure reason—in all probability, a mere *façon de parler*—a garden. I had to have this garden because my brothers and sisters, who were like the sands of the sea in number, all had gardens. But the difference between their gardens and mine was this: flowers grew in their gardens, pretty little red things, and blue things, and white things, and yellow things, the names of which I cannot remember. In mine, on the other hand, nothing ever grew, not even weeds. It was just a piece of waste earth. There was, once, a weed, which I cherished with the utmost tenderness, thinking it a pretty and a delicate affair of greenery. But it died beneath my ministrations. I could not even cultivate a weed.

As I grew older, I became even more dangerous in a garden. Things withered as I passed. I need hardly tell you that I never tried to plant anything. Good gracious, why I hardly dared to look at anything in a garden! A pretty sort of fellow to pronounce a benediction on the Annual Show of a celebrated Horticultural Society!

### In the Zeppelin Area.

Besides, though these good folk do not realise it, my visit will be fraught with the utmost danger to their turnips and kidney beans. (I wonder what a kidney bean really is! The name is familiar, and has always seemed to me a little odd.) Though they live on the East Coast, quite close to the sea, they have so far, I believe, been spared a bomb from a Zeppelin. No bomb has come near to them by a very considerable number of miles. Well, if my evil genius in the matter of vegetation follows me to the North, is it not possible that the opening ceremony will be disturbed by a sudden shower of bombs? Can't you see them diving through the roof of the largest tent, and splashing the company with the blood of a vegetable marrow? The Huns have already done pretty dirty work in a garden near the sea; why should they spare the scarlet runners on the banks of the Tweed?

Anyhow, Time will show. As James Bramston wrote in 1744—

"What's not devoured by Time's devouring hand?  
Where's Troy, and where's the Maypole in the Strand?"

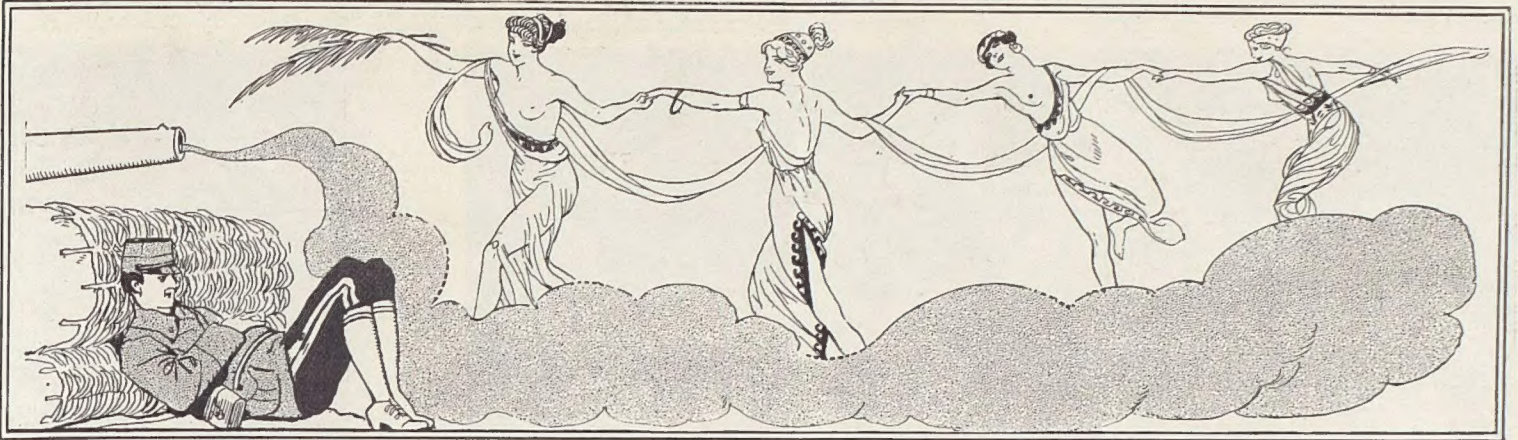
Or the poet Gay, when he penned his own epitaph—

"Life is a jest, and all things show it;  
I thought so once, but now I know it."

(Wrong, Mister *Spectator*?)



## VANITIES OF VALDÉS: THE DREAMS OF THE FIGHTING-MEN.



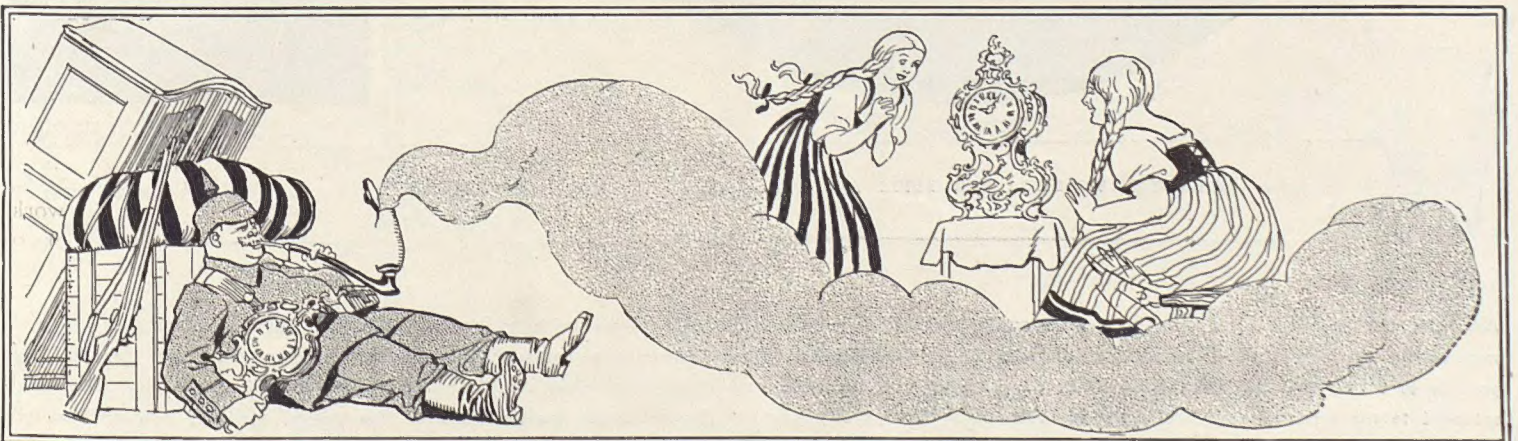
THE FRENCH "PIOU-PIOU" OF 1915, FRESH FROM COLLEGE, SEES IN THE SMOKE BEAUTIES OF CLASSICAL LORE.



THE BRITISH SMOKER OF WOODBINES SEES VISIONS OF THE LADIES OF FRANCE WHO HAVE FÊTED HIM.



THE TURK SEES HOURS OF THE HAREM AND IS WELL CONTENT.



THE GERMAN SEES VISIONS OF THE JOY OF GRETCHEN AND OF THE PROFITS OF WAR.



“ THE MOST BEAUTIFUL BRIDE I ’VE EVER SEEN.”



THE MARRIAGE OF MR. ADRIAN BETHELL AND THE HON. CLARISSA TENNANT :  
THE WEDDING PARTY.



LOOKING FOR THEIR CARS AND CARRIAGES



AFTER THE WEDDING : THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM.



THE BRIDE AND HER FATHER, LORD

Although the bridegroom was a Guardsman and was in khaki—"the only wear"—the bride was so beautiful and the guests were so distinguished, at the wedding at St. Margaret's, Westminster, of Mr. Adrian Bethell and Lord Glenconner's daughter, the Hon. Clarissa Tennant, that for the moment it was possible to forget the war and think only of the happiness of the bride and bridegroom. Mrs. Asquith's frank criticism of the young bride might have been extended to the ceremony, for the group of bridesmaids, the "pretty pages," the handsome dresses worn by the guests, made it also a "beautiful" wedding. Our first photograph suggests this in comprehensive fashion. In it figure (from left to right) the bridegroom, Mr. Bethell, and his best man, Lord Cochrane, the Earl of Dundonald's heir, who is in the Scots Guards; Miss Kathleen Tennant, Miss Myrtle Farquharson, Miss Boyd, Lady Mary Charteris (bridesmaids);



(MRS. ASQUITH): THE BETHELL-TENNANT WEDDING.



BRIDESMAIDS LEAVING ST. MARGARET'S.



A CHARMING GROUP AFTER THE BETHELL-TENNANT WEDDING:  
THE BRIDESMAIDS AND PAGES.



GLENCONNER: STARTING FOR ST. MARGARET'S.



THE HAPPY PAIR: MR. AND THE HON. MRS. BETHELL LEAVING THE CHURCH.

the Hon. Clarissa Tennant (the bride); Miss Phyllis Bethell (sister of the bridegroom), Miss Elizabeth Asquith (cousin of the bride), Miss Olivia Wyndham and Miss Lettice Adeane (all bridesmaids); and, seated, the little pages, Viscount Carlow and the Hon. Stephen Tennant (brother of the bride). Mr. Asquith, who was cheered by the crowd of sightseers on his arrival, was with Mrs. Raymond Asquith and Mrs. Graham-Smith, and among the distinguished guests were Sir Edward Grey, Mrs. Asquith, the Duchess of Rutland, Lord and Lady Islington and the Hon. Joan Dickson-Poynder, the Countess of Portarlington, the Countess of Drogheda, the Hon. Mrs. George Keppel, Lady Eva Wyndham-Quin, Lady Robert Cecil, Mrs. and Miss Burdon-Muller, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Tennant, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Tennant, Mr. and Mrs. John Tennant, Captain Bethell, Mr. Alfred Bethell, and many others.





### VENUS AND MARS: SOME NAVAL V.C.s: GERMAN DESERTERS.

#### Generals and Love-Letters.

Gretchen is as sentimental as ever, and the three German Field-Marshal's commanding in the East—the Prince of Bavaria, Mackensen, and Hindenburg—have been so pestered with love-letters that they threaten, unless the German girls cease writing to them, to publish all the names of their fair correspondents and some of the letters.

#### The Anti-Love-Letter Campaign.

This should be an effective threat. Everybody knows how ridiculous a love-letter sounds when read out by a sarcastic barrister in a breach-of-promise case, and the effusions of the German young ladies, professing deep love for rugged old Hindenburg, who is well into the sixties, would make those young ladies feel much abashed should they read their letters in cold print with their names printed in full. Mackensen and the Prince of Bavaria are boys in comparison to Hindenburg, and are, no doubt, not quite so strong-hearted as he is, but they have joined him very resolutely in the anti-love-letter campaign.

#### Not the British Way.

I do not remember ever to have read of British school-girls writing love-letters to the great Duke of Wellington, or to any of his Captains—nor, indeed, to Field-Marshal French or General Douglas Haig. The great Duke certainly would have pished and tushed and called the senders "little fools," had he been the object of such school-girl devotion. British sentimentality does not, in the school-girls, take the form of writing affectionate letters to elderly naval and military men, and signing their full names to such letters. The Church and the Stage, no doubt, could tell tales of love-stricken damsels who are foolish enough to put pen to paper, but the higher ranks of the British Army have never owned to receiving love-letters, and if they do receive them, say nothing at all about it.

#### The Six New V.C.s.

All the V.C.s in this war are not going to the soldiers or to the commanders of submarines, for the landing in Gallipoli gave the bluejackets and the men who commanded them an opportunity of which they made abundant use. The two Midshipmen, Drewry and Malleson, who gave their senior, Commander Unwin,

such splendid help in securing the lighters, will, I hope, both live to be Admirals. Whatever stirring adventures there are in store for them they will never have a more exciting time than they had when swimming from lighter to lighter, carrying a line, while the water hissed round them with shrapnel bullets. "Pure physical exhaustion," so the official account tells us, alone stopped Commander Unwin, himself wounded, in his work of saving wounded men, and exhaustion put an end to Midshipman Drewry's attempt to carry the line from lighter to lighter—an indication of what our sailors, whether they be men or boys, will attempt when their blood is up.



A WELL-KNOWN BASS SINGER AS SOLDIER: CORPORAL O'SHANE, OF THE ARTISTS' RIFLES.

Corporal O'Shane is in training, with that well-known O.T.C., the Artists' Rifles, "somewhere in Essex." He is well known as a bass at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden.

Photograph by L.N.A.

#### No Irish Did Apply.

The Germans read history very carefully, and no doubt the German officer in command of the Limburg Prisoners' Camp remembered what a thorn in our side was the Irish Brigade that fought for the Stuart cause in the service of Louis XIV. The special detestation of those gallant Irishmen who followed the fortunes of King James and the young Pretender into exile were the Hanoverians, and even the rabid Fenian of modern times never had any wish to exchange the British rule for the jackbootery of Prussia. Out of the 2000 Irish soldiers at Limburg, eighteen declared themselves willing to be the nucleus of the German-Irish Brigade, and probably half of these volunteered in the hope of obtaining an exchange of quarters.

#### Germans in the Foreign Legion.

The Germans do not give any mercy to their own deserters when they are found in armies fighting against the Fatherland. It is said that the Huns are determined, if they can, to destroy the French White Colonial troops, for in what used to be known as the Foreign Legion, but which now has a different title, there are a large number of German deserters—men who love fighting for fighting's sake, but who were driven to desertion from German regiments by the bullying of the non-commissioned officers. One of the pin-pricks that



THE STAGE AND SPORT WITH THE ARTISTS' RIFLES: MR. HORACE POLLOCK, THE IMPRESARIO; MR. HAROLD PEARCE, THE ACTOR; AND MR. D. J. KNIGHT, THE CRACK OXFORD AND CORINTHIAN BAT.

Mr. Pollock, who is seen on the left, introduced Sir Arthur Pinero's work to the Variety stage. Mr. Pearce, who is in the centre, was the original Jack Meadows in "The Arcadians," and played for Middlesex at "Soccer." Mr. Knight was Oxford's crack batsman last season; was second amateur for the season, and has played for the Corinthians.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]

so nearly drove the French and ourselves in 1911 into war with Germany was the agency established by Germany on the North African coast to tempt back to German allegiance the soldiers of France's Colonial regiments who were German by birth.



## LADY CYNTHIA ASQUITH'S SISTER: A BRIDE-TO-BE.



TO MARRY LIEUTENANT ALGERNON W STRICKLAND: LADY MARY CHARTERIS, SECOND DAUGHTER  
OF THE EARL OF WEMYSS.

Very pretty, very popular, a clever horsewoman, and fond of the open-air life, Lady Mary Charteris, second daughter of the Earl and Countess of Wemyss, is engaged, it is announced, to Lieutenant Algernon W. Strickland, who is in the Royal Gloucestershire

Hussars, and is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Algernon Strickland, of Apperley Court, Tewkesbury. Lady Mary Charteris was born in 1895, and her elder sister, Lady Cynthia, is the wife of Mr. Herbert Asquith, second son of the Prime Minister.

Photograph by Lafayette.





TAKEN all round, August has been a great month for matrimony. And, one way or another, the bridesmaidly, decorative, and festive aspect of its weddings has survived remarkably. The announcement that only the "nearest relatives and most intimate friends" would be invited to the Welbeck wedding, for instance, only gave extra meaning to the presence of Queen Alexandra and her train, and consequently to the occasion. With the Hon. Charlotte Knollys and Earl Howe, her Majesty arrived at Welbeck the day before the ceremony. Though the

gathering was actually smaller than it would have been if the marriage had taken place under different circumstances, there was nowhere any hint of emptiness. Welbeck is a rambling place, and only an ancient retainer could say off-hand if all its remoter corners were filled; but, with the best bedrooms (or, in the language of the guide-books, the State apartments) filled, there was a cheerful look of the place being, like the typical Italian tram-car, *completo*.

#### *Those Badges.*

The bridesmaids of war-time are spared the usual trinkets of office; they get favours that are worth having and holding. In-

stead of the usual little brooch that inevitably passed into the hindmost places of a drawerful of superfluous ornaments, they are presented with the bridegroom's regimental badge. Lady Chesham's bridal gift from Lord Chesham was the device of the 10th Hussars carried out in diamonds; and each of her ten bridesmaids received smaller replicas of the same ornament. Such things are not to be banished to the region of small cardboard-boxes, never to be found again in anything under half-an-hour's search. They are part of contemporary regimental history, and contemporary regimental history is all the fashion.

#### *Put Off with Diamonds.*

As with Lady Chesham's ten bridesmaids, so with Miss Clarissa Tennant's eight. They all wore Mr. Bethell's gift of a jewelled badge of the 2nd Life Guards—a favour to which he can claim a full right of distribution. A man may well dabble in jewellery after seven months of fighting and the getting of a wound. Moreover, there is reason for the precious stone. If a girl wears a badge in bronze or brass or some other sober metal proper to the Service, she claims the closest sort of tie with the regiment: she is presumed to have a brother, or a husband, or a lover in its ranks. Bridesmaids are more merely ornamental, and it is considered right that they should be put off with diamonds. And, even in the stress of war-time, Lord Beaconsfield's cynical axiom about women and the irresistibility of diamonds still holds good.

#### *Presents in the Background.*

In none of the accounts of recent weddings has a list of presents been published. The gifts are there, nevertheless; nothing checks the inclination to make them. Not yet have we reached the stage at which the liberty of the subject is so baulked that one private person is not allowed to be generous to another when he is so minded; and economy, we know, begins at home—in one's own, and not in the home of a newly married couple. But for the exhibition of presents on dining-room tables converted into counters, or for the display of tea-pots and tiaras in the columns of the daily papers, no one has the time or temper.

#### *The Marrying Group.*

We have already commented on the most healthy epidemic of engagements in the Asquith-Tennant-Wyndham-Charteris set. Four announcements, followed quickly by at least two weddings, and shortly to be followed by more, were made in a bunch; and now Lady Mary Charteris is engaged to Lieutenant Algernon Strickland. Lady Mary, who was felicitated by her friends on the very day on which she appeared as one of Miss Clarissa Tennant's bridesmaids, stands in the very midst of the group. She is a sister of Lady Cynthia Asquith, her brother married Lady Violet Manners, and in half-a-dozen zig-zagging ways she is related to the whole bevy of marrying cousins. Last week's bride is spending her honeymoon at Stanway Hall, lent by Lady Mary's mother.

*Inconsistent Will.* "Pictures like that are our best guarantee against war," said the Kaiser when he first saw Verestchagin's "Retreat from Moscow" in a picture-gallery in Berlin. Turning away, he continued, "And to think there are still men who want to govern the world! But they will all end like Bonaparte." The Kaiser's moralising was probably sound enough; but was that why he forbade the students in the military schools to visit the Verestchagin exhibition?



THE BETHELL-TENNANT WEDDING: BRIDE; BRIDEGROOM; AND THE GROOM'S AUNT.

Our picture shows the Hon. Clarissa Tennant (now the Hon. Mrs. Adrian Bethell), with Miss Bethell, and her nephew, Mr. Adrian Bethell, of the 2nd Life Guards. The bride is the only daughter of Lord and Lady Glenconner and a niece of Mrs. Asquith. The wedding was celebrated at St. Margaret's, and a number of distinguished guests were present, but there was no reception, on account of the war. The bridegroom is the son and heir of Mr. William Bethell, of Rise Hall, Yorkshire. Lord Glenconner gave away his daughter, who looked charming in white and silver, and two pages and eight bridesmaids, nearly all relatives, made a pretty group.—[Photograph by Topical.]



THE MOTHER OF A BRIDE OF LAST WEEK: LADY GLENCONNER.

Lady Glenconner, mother of the Hon. Clarissa Tennant, who is now the Hon. Mrs. Adrian Bethell, was a distinguished figure at her daughter's marriage, at St. Margaret's, to Mr. Adrian Bethell, 2nd Life Guards, on Aug. 19. Lady Glenconner, who was Miss Pamela Geneviève Wyndham, has exquisite taste, and herself designed the charming dresses worn by her daughter's bridesmaids, which were in pale pink and mauve, with touches of silver lace. Lady Glenconner received just near relations after the wedding, at her house in Queen Anne's Gate.—[Photograph by Hugh Cecil.]



## GROUSING, BUT GAY: HARRY LAUDER AND GEORGE GRAVES.



ORDER ARMS! THE TWO FAMOUS COMEDIANS OUT  
SHOOTING ON SIR THOMAS DEWAR'S MOORS.



A LITTLE PALMISTRY DURING THE INTERVAL:  
"HEADS I WIN; TAILS YOU LOSE!"



THE FIRING-PARTY: A SITUATION OF IMMINENT  
DANGER FOR THE PHOTOGRAPHER.



PLAYING TO THE GALLERY: HARRY LAUDER AND GEORGE  
GRAVES IN A TIR DE DEUX.

Our photographs were taken the other day while Mr. Lauder and Mr. Graves were staying with Sir Thomas Dewar at Holm Lodge, Sanquhar, Dumfries. Mr. George Graves, we may mention, is due to return to the Empire on Monday, Aug. 30, to resume his part as Ebenezer Hardacre in "Watch Your Step." Mr. Harry Lauder

has a son—Lieutenant J. C. Lauder—in the 8th (Argyllshire) Battalion, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, who a few weeks ago was wounded in action. We gave a portrait of him, with his father, in "The Sketch" of June 23. Mr. Harry Lauder, it may be recalled, gave £1000 to the Argyllshire Branch of the Prince of Wales's Fund.



## SOME ENGAGEMENTS OF THE MOMENT—AND A MARRIAGE.



MISS NANCY MACK : TO MARRY MAJOR  
CHARLES H. SEABROOKE, A.S.C.



MISS DORIS GLASSON : TO MARRY  
LIEUTENANT C. M. GAMAGE.



MRS. BENTON (MISS D. BEAUMONT) :  
MARRIED TO LIEUT. G. K. BENTON.



MISS NITA ALLAN : TO MARRY MR. CYRIL  
FALCONAR - STEWART.



MISS HILDA CHAPEL : TO MARRY  
LIEUTENANT GERALD BROOKS.



MISS FLORENCE E. HOLLAND : TO  
MARRY CAPTAIN CHARLES E. CLARKE.



MISS D. F. E. BERRIDGE : TO MARRY  
LIEUTENANT J. FEATONBY SMITH, R.E.



MISS A. V. E. THEYRE : TO MARRY CAPT.  
CHRISTOPHER A'BECKET WILLIAMS.



MISS EVELYN M. BURTON : TO MARRY  
2ND LIEUTENANT E. R. BICKERSTETH.



MISS V. METHVEN : TO MARRY CAPTAIN  
C. F. JERRARD.



MISS CECILY M. BURDON-MULLER :  
TO MARRY CAPT. E. C. W. SEVERNE.

Miss Mack is daughter of Captain A. P. Mack, Suffolk Regiment.—Major Seabrooke A.S.C., is son of the late Mr. Charles Seabrooke, J.P., of Grays.—Miss Doris Glasson is engaged to Lieut. C. M. Gamage, The Manor House, Finchley.—Mrs. G. K. Benton is daughter of the late Richard Beaumont, of Hove, and niece of Lady Swansea. Lieut. Benton is in the 3rd Dragoon Guards.—Miss Allan is daughter of Mr. Bryce Allan, Wemyss Bay. Mr. Falconar-Stewart, Royal Scots, is son of Mr. George Falconar-Stewart, late of Linlithgowshire.—Miss Chapel is daughter of Mr. Frank Chapel, Beckenham. Lieut. Gerald Brooks is in the Suffolk Regiment.—Miss Holland is daughter of the Rev. P. E. S. Holland, of Hoddesdon Vicarage. Capt. C. E. Clarke,

F.R.C.S., Indian Army, is the son of the late Colonel George Clarke.—Miss Berridge is daughter of Mrs. Berridge, West Kensington. Lieut. J. F. Smith is in the Royal Engineers.—Miss Theyre is daughter of the Rev. Clarence and Mrs. Theyre, Heaton Close, Braunton.—Miss Burton is daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. F. Burton, of Cherry Burton, Beverley. Mr. Bickersteth is eldest son of Mr. John and Lady Margaret Bickersteth, of Cottingham.—Miss Methven is daughter of the Rev. E. Methven, of Earl's Colne. Capt. Jerrard, Essex Regiment, is son of Mrs. Jerrard, of East Liss.—Miss Burdon-Muller is daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Burdon-Muller, Portman Square. Capt. Severne is in the Warwickshire Yeomanry.

Photographs by Swaine, Hoppe, Gabell, Val l'Estrange, Sarony, Langfur.



## HONOURED BY ROYAL BRIDESMAIDS: A YOUTHFUL PEERESS.



*The New Châtelaine of Latimer in her Wedding Dress: Lady Chesham.*

A very interesting wedding, and unusual, this season, in one aspect—that of the presence of ten bridesmaids, two of whom were Royal—was that of Miss Margot Mills and Lord Chesham, at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on Aug. 16. A guard-of-honour was mounted by the 10th Hussars, in which Lord Chesham is a Lieutenant. The bride, who looked very charming in her gown of old Honiton lace, with its Court train of silver brocade, and her pearl-edged veil secured by a wreath of myrtle, carried a bouquet of "lucky" white heather. The bridesmaids were Princess Mary and

Princess Helena of Teck, Miss Elma Wood, Miss Sylvia Taylor, Miss Esmé Bentley, Miss Zoe Shipton, Miss Dawn McClintock, Miss Evelyn and Miss Myra Manningham-Buller, and the Hon. Maisie Dundas. Lady Chesham is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Layton Mills, of Tansor Court, Oundle. The Earl of Airlie was best man, and Mr. J. Layton Mills gave his daughter away. A reception was held at Grosvenor House, which was numerously attended by relatives and many friends of the bride and bridegroom.—[Photograph by Speaight.]





## LORD AND LADY BERTIE OF THAME.

THAME sounds a good deal remoter than Paris, and Lord Bertie has, indeed, searched the more ancient family parchments for his new title. It seemed suitable, in a very great-grandfatherly way, because it had belonged to an ancestor. From the first and only Viscount Thame, who was the grandson of Sir Henry Norris, Ambassador to France in the sixteenth century, all the Berties are descended. The family's first great distinction came by way of the diplomatic service (though long before the invention of that phrase), and its fame still reposes with a British Ambassador to France.

**Lady Bertie.** To say that Lord Bertie's genius for representing his country at Paris is inherited would be stating too strong a case of the recurrence to type. The lapse of centuries must have somewhat blurred the traits that made Sir Henry Norris a great man in his own day. But with Lady Bertie it is different. The daughter of the first Earl Cowley, she belongs to the diplomatic world by birth and training as well as by marriage. She belongs especially to Paris, for it was in that city that she spent the most impressionable years of her youth. She was fourteen when her father first established himself at the English Embassy in the French capital, and for fifteen years she was in and out of one of the most interesting and busy dwellings in Europe. With the Capitainerie at Chantilly for their home, she and her sister—the Feodore and Sophie of a thousand social recollections—enjoyed the liberal education of old-world surroundings and of a very vital *métier*, with the terraces, the romantic but tidy forest, the tapestries on the one hand, and the constant ebb and flow of a revolutionised smart society on the other.

**The Ambassadors at Home.** Lady Feodorowna—as she was

until the other day—owed the chief delights of those early years to her distinguished parents, to the “dear Olivia Cowley” of more than one book of Victorian memoirs, and to her father, a man of much wit and worldly wisdom. Lord Cowley had the shooting at the Parc d'Apremont, his garden overlooked the Chantilly racecourse; he was a sportsman who rejoiced to be free of the Germanic Confederation and to be done with the less congenial atmosphere of Frankfurt. If France and its horses and its new-found enthusiasms for the chase suited him, they suited his daughter no less. She rode well and often, and was esteemed for all the social talents. To-day she lives in a very different Paris: its stables are scattered; the sons, and even the grandsons, of the friends of her youth are all away; the France she knew of old was broken in 1870, and is again broken. She looks upon a world in disruption; but long-established sympathies and the deepest sort of understanding are her consolation. She knows her France too well to despair.

## How an Ambassador Was Made.

That she should be the wife of our Ambassador is wholly fitting; but it was only by a kind of fluke, or inspiration, that Sir Francis Bertie went to the most coveted of the Embassies ten years ago. Before 1903 he was not in the running for any diplomatic post of distinction. The Foreign Office held him fast, and there seemed to be no reason why he should leave it. His post there was, according to custom and the articles of appointment, a permanency. When, in that year, the Embassy at Rome fell vacant, Mr. Balfour

the Prime Minister, was at a loss to name the right man to fill it. He consulted Sir Francis, his Permanent Under-Secretary of State.

“You're the Man.” “What sort of a man would you put in?” asked Balfour. Sir Francis sketched the ideal Ambassador. He must be this and that, he explained; and ended by making a most incisive picture of the person required for Rome. “I see, I see,” said the other, pondering. “Then, Sir Francis, I must ask you to accept the post,” he added, with a smile capable of dissolving the most obstinate permanency.

“Of Paris.” Rome, even in the family sense, was appropriate. The brother of a Catholic Peer, and the uncle of Lady Edmund Talbot (whose son, by the way, was reported “missing” in France a few months ago), he had personal as well as official ties with the Eternal City. But it is to France rather than to Italy that he belongs. Of his mission to Berlin with Lord Beaconsfield there is nothing now to be said but that it is ancient history. He belongs, by right of most momentous years of most momentous work, to one Embassy and to one Embassy alone. The *London Gazette* writes him down as Baron Bertie of Thame, in the county of Oxford. But are we not nearer the mark in thinking of him as Lord Bertie of the Entente?

**The Cause.** One of the oldest of our

Ambassadors, Lord Bertie kept his seventy-first birthday last week. For all that, it is the habit of the Diplomatic world to regard him as a young man. Diplomatically speaking, he is only a third the age of Sir Maurice de Bunsen; and Sir Gerard Lowther, likewise, is three times as old according to the tables of service precedence. And Sir Herbert Tree would hardly make-up according to our Paris model if he wanted to convince an audience of the verisimilitude of “His Majesty's” Ambassadors. He would find many a Second Secretary better primed with the tricks and mannerisms of the trade. Lord Bertie, nevertheless, has done the real business. With the conviction and understanding of one who for a long life-time has been in the habit of viewing our national destiny from the international point of view, he has faced the heaviest responsibilities in Paris, and survived them even as his cause will survive.



NOW KNOWN AS LORD BERTIE OF THAME: THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR IN PARIS, WHOSE NEW TITLE HAS JUST BEEN ANNOUNCED.

The British Ambassador in Paris, formerly known as Sir Francis Bertie, was raised to the Peerage, as a Baron of the United Kingdom, among the last Birthday Honours. His new title, that of Baron Bertie of Thame (Oxfordshire), has just been gazetted. He is a son of the sixth Earl of Abingdon, and was born in 1844. He has been at the Paris Embassy since 1905, and was previously Ambassador in Rome.—[Photograph by Elliott and Fry.]



## WAR ON AN AQUATIC ANIMAL: HUNTING THE OTTER.



WITH THE COURTENAY TRACY OTTER-HOUNDS: A MEET  
AT AVON BRIDGE, STRATFORD-SUB-CASTLE.



WHERE CHARLES II. HID AFTER WORCESTER FIGHT: OTTER-  
HUNTERS IN THE GROUNDS OF HEALE HOUSE, WOODFORD.



TAKING BARBED WIRE: THE ACTING  
MASTER VAULTS A FENCE.



THE ACTING MASTER-OF THE OTTER-HOUNDS:  
MR. ERNEST TOWNSEND (ON THE RIGHT).



ENTANGLED IN BARBED WIRE:  
THE CROSSING OF THE BROOK.



OTTER-HUNTING ON THE AVON, NEAR SALISBURY:  
HOUNDS WORKING UP STREAM.



THE UBIQUITOUS TOUCH OF KHAKI: HOUNDS CROSSING  
THE OLD MILL BRIDGE AT STRATFORD.

The noise of war is far from the quiet waters of the Avon, although, indeed, there are soldiers about, as one of our photographs shows. War on the otter was the order of the day when they were taken, and the scene of action was the Avon near Salisbury. This is the more southerly of the two Wiltshire Avons, which flows towards Hampshire and the Channel. It must not be confounded with the Warwickshire Avon of Shakespearean fame, from the fact that the meet of the Courtenay Tracy Otter Hounds took

place at Avon Bridge, Stratford-sub-Castle. The latter is not Stratford-on-Avon, but another Stratford on another Avon. In the course of the day's sport some of the followers of the Hunt passed through the delightful grounds of Heale House, Woodford, Salisbury, now the home of a brother of the Earl of Warwick, the Hon. Louis Greville, and famous for all time as one of the hiding-places of Charles II. after the battle of Worcester.—[Photographs by Sport and General.]





# CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER



WIFE OF THE COMMANDER  
OF A FARMERS' BATTALION :  
LADY FEVERSHAM.

The Countess of Feversham, until recently so well known as the Viscountess Helmsley, is a daughter of the Countess of Warwick, and was married to Lord Helmsley in 1904. Lord Feversham is to command a "Farmers' Battalion," raised on the lines of the "Pals" Battalion. Lord Feversham commanded the Yorkshire Hussars at the front, but that regiment has been turned into Divisional Cavalry, and placed under separate squadron-leaders.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.

meets with the full approval of the ladies of the family, and especially of Cornelia Lady Wimborne. She it was who wrote the other day commending the utilisation of flower-gardens for the useful vegetables, and deploring the amount of time still wasted in keeping up appearances, whether on lawns or garden paths or roads. The things she said took the mind inevitably to Blenheim: and somebody, remembering the many lovely gardens associated with the Marlborough and Wimborne families, suggested that ladies who take pleasure in glass-houses should not throw stones. But the Duke is a thorough-going

THE Duke is doing things thoroughly at Blenheim. Sheep have been substituted for the mower on the lawns, and are found to be just as fatal to the daisies as the most industrious under-gardener. On the ornamental flower-beds his Grace is growing—cabbages! Less labour is required in rearing them than is the case with flowers, and if there are more than enough for the ducal table they can supplement the "feed" for the animals. There are still sufficient blossoms at Blenheim, it seems, to provide the Duke's button-hole; but his war-time preference is for the flowery potato rather than the superfluous rose. He is proud of his vegetables, if only because they look so uncommonly handsome, when seen from the drawing-room windows.

## *The Blenheim Cabbage Patch.*

The cabbage patch at Blenheim meets with the full approval of the ladies of the family, and especially of Cornelia Lady Wimborne. She it was who wrote the other day commending the utilisation of flower-gardens for the useful vegetables, and deploring the amount of time still wasted in keeping up appearances, whether on lawns or garden paths or roads. The things she said took the mind inevitably to Blenheim: and somebody, remembering the many lovely gardens associated with the Marlborough and Wimborne families, suggested that ladies who take pleasure in glass-houses should not throw stones. But the Duke is a thorough-going garden revolutionist, and everything that Lady Wimborne advised was put into practice months ago by her own people.

## *The Irregulars.*

Mr. Rudyard Kipling knows enough about recruits to pay the best-primed drill-sergeant the right sort of compliment on the form of his men. You must always guess, just as you do with a mother, his infants in arms to be older (in the matter of training) than they really are. When "R. K." strolled into Lincoln's Inn the other day, he made the officers very happy by mistaking the two or three weeks old recruits for men of two or three months' experience. And Kipling, let it be remembered, can say hard things just as cleverly as nice ones. It was Mulvaney, wasn't it, who used to swear so reasonably at the raw youngsters on the parade-ground? "Call that a 'Halt'?" he shouted, when their feet didn't come down together. "It sounds more like a

blooming stick drawn acrost the area-railings."

## *Lady Onslow's Shooting.*

Gifts of grouse for the wounded are taken for granted. When it comes to getting them for an able-bodied mess they must, in some cases, be asked for. An officer returning to the front on the 13th advertised in the "Agony Column" for a sackful of birds to take back with him, and got two. But even better than the birds is the shooting, and the Countess of Onslow's offer of the opportunity of a little sport to wounded officers—strangers as well as friends—is greatly appreciated. Her shooting has the advantage of being within motoring distance of town, and the man who is stranded a long way from his usual haunts at this time of year (a Yorkshire moor, or, maybe, the Australian bush) is extremely grateful.

## *A Regiment of Rabindranaths.*

The wounded Indians respond very courteously to the desire of the pier-head crowds to shake hands and exchange smiles; when their brakes pull up on the front during an afternoon call at a South Coast watering-place there is an orgy of cordiality, with, however, very little conversation. The crowd moves round in excited silence, and when the Indians talk it is to each other. Half of them are like Rabindranath Tagore; and, though the other half look more military, the impression they give as a whole is not at all the impression that they are fighting men. Their hands are slender and delicate, their voices gentle, their expressions refined and almost affectionate. The holiday-making policeman in mufti who offers them cigarettes looks as if he could arrest them all single-handed.

## *Diana the Second.*

Mrs. Winston Churchill's farmhouse holiday in Surrey is not given up to mushroom-picking, chicken-feeding, and potato-digging. Her Diana is growing tall, and keen for a wider horizon. She is no longer so near the earth that she is content to regard the discovery of a frog among the cabbages or an ant's-nest under the door-step as the best possible day's adventure. She likes to go motoring with her parents. The farm is very near the Sussex borders, and very near, as it happens, the place that gave its name to Meredith's "Diana of the Crossways." The other afternoon she was the heroine of a Meredithian pilgrimage—with the Crossways for the goal.



TO MARRY CAPTAIN FRANK  
G. JACKSON: MISS HONOR  
O'BRIEN.

Miss Honor O'Brien is the youngest daughter of Mr. H. Stafford O'Brien, of Blatherwycke, Northants, and Crasloe Woods, Co. Clare, late of the 2nd Dragoon Guards, and Sheriff of Co. Clare, 1875. Captain Frank Goddard Jackson is in the Northamptonshire Regiment.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.



LADY EVELYN COBBOLD AND HER YOUNGER DAUGHTER:  
A NEW PORTRAIT-STUDY.

Lady Evelyn Cobbold is a sister of the Earl of Dunmore, and was married, in 1891, to Mr. John Dupuis Cobbold, D.L., of Holy Wells, Ipswich. Miss Pamela Cobbold is her younger daughter, and was born in 1900.—[Photograph by Sarony.]



OFFERING FREE SHOOTING  
TO CONVALESCENT OFFICERS:  
THE COUNTESS OF ONSLOW.

Lady Onslow, who, with the Earl, is at present in France, is offering free partridge-shooting near Guildford to any convalescent officers "who would care to help get the ground shot." A kindly offer, this, made with a delicacy which doubles the value of the thoughtfulness of the Countess. Lady Onslow was the Hon. Violet Marcia Catherine Warwick Bamfylde, daughter of the third Baron Poltimore, and was married in 1906.—[Photograph by Lafayette.]



ENGAGED TO A WOUNDED  
AND "MENTIONED" OFFICER:  
MISS HELEN MARGARET  
METCALFE.

Miss Metcalfe is the younger daughter of Mr. Francis Metcalfe, of Metcalfe Park, Co. Kildare, and is a well-known follower of the Kildare Hunt. Lieutenant Rowan S. Rait Kerr, R.E., to whom she is engaged, is the eldest son of Mr. Sylvester Rait Kerr, of Rathmoyle, King's County. He is serving with the 1st Indian Field Squadron, was badly wounded at Neuve Chapelle, and has been mentioned in despatches.



RIGHTEOUS WRATH



THE INDIGNANT SOLDIER: 'Ere, Bill; you know that lantern I pinched—some 'ound of a thief's gone an' stole it!

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.





By CARMEN OF COCKAYNE.

**Fashions in Economy.**

Economy has suddenly become modish. It was inevitable as soon as the right people took it up. The Parliamentary War Savings Committee could hardly be expected to have much influence on women. Mr. Harold Cox is a clever man, with his head full of percentages; but what female spendthrift is to be coaxed from the error of her ways by mere rows of figures? Mr. Asquith, Mr. McKenna, and the rest might also have lectured in vain, for, after all, these good and great people still have their sufficient salaries, and, if anything is more annoying than another, it is to be urged to economy by someone who has no need to economise. Nor could all the Duchesses and Countesses who have started on a raging, tearing propaganda of thrift necessarily achieve success as far as dress is concerned. Titles and pedigrees count for very little in the Puck-like world of fashion. But, somehow or other, the real potentates have been persuaded, or have yielded spontaneously to the "rainy day" feeling, and thrift is a direct aim in current fashions. We are told that there is to be no radical change in style this autumn. The gown of yesterday is to be the frock of to-morrow. But La Mode abhors a vacuum, and will not be content with a mere negative. Economy cannot be allowed to banish the cachet of smartness or the elusive touch that distinguishes dress from clothing.

**Possibilities of the Tea-Gown.** Thus there have been many brains contriving how to bring those opposite and seemingly mutually repellent ideals—fashion and a care for the bawbees—into temporary harmony. The successful

*"A fascinating rest-wrap . . . with a 'cross-over' fichu fastened with tiny posies."*

informal dinner gown. Remove both, and, with a fur stole super-added, it can be worn with perfect propriety as an evening coat. Could thrift further go? A variation of the same idea is expressed

in the Russian coat of brilliant brocade, crêpe-de-Chine, ninon, or a combination of all three. Worn over a simple Princess slip or the foundation of a time-expired evening gown, it at once transforms the whole into a fascinating rest wrap, and in the hands of a clever woman has endless possibilities. Dolores has sketched one with a "cross-over" fichu fastened with tiny posies. Others may be seen at Mme. Barri's, 72, Baker Street, where an outstanding example is carried out in rose-coloured silk crêpe and satin-faced ninon brocaded with gold. The front and sleeves are of the crêpe, the back and tiny waistcoat of brocade, and the whole is supported by a collarless yoke of gold lace. The tea-gown illustrated would look well carried out in petunia shades, with a coat of ninon over a foundation of charmeuse. The coat could be outlined with a design carried out in raspberry and green glass beads—a form of decoration very popular just now. Taffeta and velveteen are also largely used for garments of the tea-gown type.

**Layettes for Babettes.**

At Mme. Barri's, too, one can study the latest modes in infantile wear. It is a mistake to suppose that there are no fashions for babies. On the contrary, ideas of the fitting and beautiful are as fickle and as imperious as in the case of the grown-up. The clothes of the infant of to-day differ from those of twenty or thirty years ago just as much as did the garments of that era from the swaddling robes of a bygone age. It is no longer permissible to decorate the "robe" with vandykes of appliqué lace, nor must the "waist" be defined as by the old-time "caser" threaded with tape, but the short yokes are threaded with ribbon. Your modern baby as carefully disguises the position of where its waist should be as its mother does the real article. The war influence is discernible in the simplicity which should distinguish baby wear. Countless insertions of lace are replaced by the finest tucks, and maybe a simple lace-edging is used. There is a tendency, copied

from America, to shorten the length of the robe, which, however, must be of the finest French lawn obtainable. More latitude in the matter of ornament is allowed for the christening garment, but even here its finest hand-embroidery rather than overmuch lace is demanded. Coloured wraps for infants are a relic of the barbarism of the Victorian age. Cloaks of fine cashmere and finer muslin have replaced them, and shawls instead of cloaks are largely used as outdoor wraps. The golden rule for infants' and toddlers' things is that they should be of the best. For the rest, Dolores sketches illustrate their charm in the most graphic fashion.

*"The tea-gown . . . would look well carried out in petunia shades, with a coat of ninon over a foundation of charmeuse."*

once; but it has an invincible principle of vitality, and with the decline of the formal function it has come into its own once more. Curiously enough, it owes its existence to the "sports girl," whose demand for a comfortable evening garb after the strenuous exertions of the day first called it into being. Economy and utility are equally combined in its latest manifestation, which is suggestive alike of the redingote and the dress of the Tudor ladies before the advent of the monstrous farthingale of the Elizabethan era.

**A General Purposes Garment.**

It can be used in half-a-dozen different ways, and is alike suitable for the convalescent invalid or the woman busied with the cares of a household. A simple sash belt transforms it into a charming house frock for afternoon wear. Add a fichu, and you have an

*"It is a mistake to suppose that there are no fashions for babies."*



## *German Breaches of the Hague Convention.*



X—REDUCING THE BRITISH ARMY BY ANTI-FATTING A TRIBUTARY OF THE MARNE.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.





## FLYNN'S BIG DEAL.

By H. P. HOLT.

AT irregular intervals, spread over a number of years, Nat Flynn paid me fleeting visits, and I always found, a joy in them, for Nat was a curious jumble of good and bad, and there was hardly anything off the beaten track at which he had not tried his hand. He was one of those beings who could no more live a placid, normal life than a leopard could change its spots. There were some dark pages in his history—so dark that even in his most confidential moments he omitted to throw more than the veriest glimmer of light upon them. He had seen nearly every country under the sun, and I shrewdly guessed that there were reasons why he took care never to revisit some of them, for Nat Flynn had a striking personality, and one not easily forgotten.

He started as a sailor, and in that way imbibed the eternal craving, that gnawed at his vitals, to keep moving. As a shell-back he would have done exceptionally well, but the life had not enough bite in it for him. He managed to work a few decorations into it, but before he was thirty sailing was no longer his chief profession; he had become a sort of free-lance, open to do anything and everyone in return for the root of all evil.

I first met him while I was a sick man taking a trip to Australia for the benefit of my health. He was standing on the quay at Melbourne, with his hands in his pockets, when I fell off the gangway. It was getting dark, and probably nobody saw me drop except Nat, and there my sands would most probably have run down had he not jumped. I must have been fairly far gone when he reached me, for I clutched him desperately. He pounded my head once with his hammer-like fist, which left me senseless and inert until he got me out.

I made him come down into my cabin, and we drank whisky while a steward dried his clothes. I would gleefully have rewarded him with everything of value I had with me, but there was something about Nat Flynn that warned me not to try the experiment. It would have seemed like offering a hungry elephant half a pea-nut. Perhaps if I had been a millionaire he might have permitted himself to accept anything that was proffered so long as it was large enough. When I did make a tentative effort to probe into his mind on the matter he just laughed, stuck on his cap, and made for the cabin door.

"Just a minute," I said. "Here is my card. If ever you come to Liverpool, give me a call."

"All right," he replied, and a minute later Flynn had disappeared. Nearly a year afterwards he came into my shop, and would have gone again had I not urged him to stay. He was not in immediate need of funds, and after remaining nearly a week under my roof he left to join an expedition in West Africa. But during that week we had grown peculiarly intimate. My life as a jeweller was humdrum and commonplace, but he bared some of his soul, showing under the veneer streaks of masterful ambition and goodness mingled with characteristics which were blatantly lawless.

If ever I suspected him in the early days of our acquaintance of drawing upon his imagination while relating his adventures, I soon ceased to do so. Flynn was better than imagination. He was the real goods, as our Transatlantic friends would say. No scheme was too hare-brained for him to enter into. No mad escapade promised more danger than he was likely to be able to cope with. Of course, in the Central Criminal Court sense of the word, he was a crook, but it would never be petty larceny that would land Nat Flynn in the meshes of the law; and I always remembered, also, that he had picked up his outlook on life in the hardest places on earth.

Unexpectedly, as usual, he drifted in one day when I had not seen him for eighteen months. He looked a little older and a little grimmer, but there was a curious light of optimism in his eyes as he greeted me. His skin was tanned to the colour of a brick. I gathered from fragmentary remarks that he had been in various regions, including the South Pacific, since his last visit to Liverpool; but he was unusually uncommunicative for some time until we were settled comfortably in my bachelor quarters after dinner, with long black cigars and a bottle of whisky. I could see he had something up his figurative sleeve, but refrained from throwing out hints. Nat Flynn was the last man between Zanzibar and Peebles to be pumped. A sulky oyster was as a gramophone gone mad compared to Flynn when he desired to keep his mouth shut.

He began to ramble on about various disconnected adventures until at length he poured out three fingers from the bottle, drank it off at a neat gulp, placed the glass very precisely on the table, and looked at me squarely.

"You'll p'raps be surprised to hear I've finished with wandering," he observed.

I looked suitably surprised, but if Nat Flynn had announced that he intended to spend the remainder of his days standing on his head and clapping his heels I should not have been unduly amazed.

"Yes; it's me for a quiet life now," he said. "I'm going to find a little place somewhere on the South Coast, breed those little pink monkeys from Haiti, and forget there ever was a climate worse than this."

He always had had a weakness for those little pink monkeys. I wondered how they would survive an English winter, even under glass. There was a short pause in the conversation.

"You've had a stroke of luck, then?" I ventured at length.

"That's what I've come a good many thousands of miles to see you about," he replied, lowering his voice and glancing cautiously towards the door. "All my life I've been looking out to make one good haul. Dozens of times I've had it nearly in my fingers; but something always happened. Either it slipped away, or it wasn't what I thought it was. I've got it this time, though," he added, raising his voice a little in his excitement, and there was a ring of triumph in it. "I came straight to you after the deal was through, because I want you to sell the stones for me at the proper market value. That sort of game is clean off my line of businesses, and I reckon I can trust you to do one thing for me."

That was the first and only time he ever indicated that I could attempt to repay him in any way for saving me at Melbourne. I bowed my head, determined to serve him in this matter, whatever the circumstances. After all, life is very sweet.

"Four years ago, as you probably remember," Flynn went on, "I spent some time on the Suwarow Islands in the Pacific. It wasn't exactly a picnic. I didn't explain, probably, when I mentioned it before, that I landed after being in an open boat six days without anything superfluous in the way of water and supplies. I'd been on a dirty Spanish clipper, bound from Auckland for Guatemala, when the skipper and I had words. The fight was fair, with no witnesses, in his own cabin; but after it was over, I knew suspicion would fall on me, as every dago on board would have knifed me on sight if they'd got the chance. I reckoned it would be more discreet to make myself scarce, and the weather was fine, so I dropped adrift in a small boat during the darkness. It was more by luck than seamanship that I arrived on land."

*[Continued overleaf.]*



AND ALL JOKERS !



THE INSTRUCTOR (*of the Sporting Volunteers*): Squad — number !

THE SQUAD: One. Two. Threc. Four. Five. Six. Seven. Eight. Nine. Ten. Knave. Queen. King. Acc.

DRAWN BY ALFRED LEETE.



"You have to know the natives in those parts before you can understand them, and believe me, they don't all improve on closer acquaintance. On the Suwarow Islands one thing is certain: you never quite know who is going to be king next day, because that gentleman isn't elected by popular vote. He just jumps up on the throne and declares he's going to stop there till the cows come home. P'raps he gets his skull cracked; p'raps the existing king gets chopped up for interfering. Maybe the interloper brings it off and stays there for a year or even more, but, if you understand me, there isn't anything permanent about their constitution.

"Well, I happened to land on Lesser Suwarow, where there was an ambitious gentleman with one eye, five wives, and a vacuum in the part of his anatomy where other people keep their conscience. His first idea was that I ought to make fine soup for the five wives and himself, and they would have melted me down if I hadn't happened to know a few fragments of their lingo. Kiwi—the one-eyed individual—and I got chin-wagging, and I managed to give him the impression that I should be a lot more useful to him as guide, philosopher, and friend than as soup. I happened to have an old silver watch, and he quite believed there was a god in it, so I gave it to him, and when he found the god remained silent unless left in my care for a little time each day, he crossed me definitely off the menu.

"After that Kiwi and I cottoned on fairly well, though, of course, I had to be on the look-out for squalls. As I got hold of more of the lingo, Kiwi, who was no fool, began to ask me questions about the way people became king in other lands, but the heredity idea had no place in his philosophy. One day that wicked nigger put all his cards on the table with a leer by holding his stick up like a raw recruit handles a rifle, and saying, 'Woof.'

"I was puzzled for a bit, and then I got his meaning. At one time or another, he had seen some sort of a pop-gun, and the cunning old brute wanted to get hold of fire-arms. He didn't mean to die happy until he had taken a force over to the main island, 'woofed' everybody who got in his way, and declared himself cock of the walk.

"I churned it over for a bit in my thinking-box. You see, there seemed a vague chance of doing a bit of profitable business, though at first I couldn't quite guess where I came in. I managed to make him understand that guns were a dern expensive outfit, and that two or three wouldn't go anywhere. He got the idea after a while, and put a lot of pebbles in a row, from which I gathered that with a couple of hundred 'woofers' he could do enough murdering to win his way to glory.

"It was a hard job to make him grasp the fact that there was a commercial side to the transaction, especially as I did not know what he had to trade with, and he held a sort of first mortgage on my head anyway. One day, however, he showed me a pearl that might have been worth anything over fifty pounds, and then I began to see daylight. I indicated to his prospective Majesty that for an adequate supply of similar stones I might be able to adjust matters to his satisfaction.

"Heaven knows how many pearls the old sinner had. He produced a little straw bag containing about three hundred of them. I held my breath, and calculated that they ought to fetch anything over £10,000, but I didn't indicate so to his nibs.

"He didn't murmur when I pointed out that there weren't nearly enough of the gew-gaws, and out came two more bags. I could fairly see myself settled down in life with the finest collection of pink monkeys out of Haiti; but he was a wily old bird. I don't know where he was educated, but he could see more with that one piercing eye of his than most of us can with a pair.

"He didn't seem to understand anything about the principle of cash in advance. As soon as I gave him the tip to hand over the stones and let me take them to the place where white men sell rifles, he hid them and in seventeen different ways indicated that he wouldn't trust me as far as he could throw me. P'raps he wasn't to blame, because he had not exactly got any references from me, and if I had once got off clear, Kiwi could have stamped about on his old island till he wore it away before Nat Flynn was caught hanging round there again.

"We looked like being stuck, for want of a better mutual understanding, until I saw the only thing was to deliver the goods somehow or other and then draw the dibs. I explained to the old murderer that he was putting me into a difficult position, but that I would have a shot at it if he would set me adrift. I don't think he altogether liked letting me go, but I put off in a sort of catamaran, and, with the aid of a pocket compass, made Fiji, where I waited for a trading steamer, leaving the catamaran behind handy, in case I needed it again.

"Well, you can guess I didn't rest contented long, knowing there were three bags of pearls waiting for me in exchange for any two hundred pieces of scrap-iron that looked like guns I could pick up. I could easily have found someone to put up the money and go halves; but somehow I couldn't see myself dividing those pearls with anyone for the sake of a few pounds, so I decided definitely to carry it through alone.

"There are ways and means of raising capital when you're desperate, and it didn't take me three months to gather in what I considered would meet the case. And then I had a second stroke of luck—tumbled right on the very things I wanted to buy. I never heard their full history, but a Portuguese trader had them hidden away, and I reckon they must have been rejected by some cannibal king as not fit to place in his armoury. Even as scrap-iron they were curiosities. It would be an insult to gas-pipe to say they had been made out of it, and it nearly took me a week to remove most of the rust that was choking all the barrels up. I picked out the best, and, after straightening it a bit, tried a shot. It fired three yards to the left at eight paces, and I calculated that was good enough for old Kiwi, as he hadn't been courteous enough to pay cash in advance.

"I greased 'em all up well and shipped 'em to Fiji, and when I left there in the catamaran, all equipped to effect the deal, it would have taken a mighty big gale to make me turn back.

"I wasn't out of the wood, of course; because old Kiwi was a tricky customer, but I had a couple of six-shooters handy when I came abreast of Lesser Suwarow, and, inside half-an-hour after I dropped the stone anchor, I was having a pow-wow with Kiwi himself, who had paddled off in a canoe. With all the innocence in the world he expressed the gladness of his heart to see my safe return with the 'woofers,' and announced that, if I would just put them on shore, he would pay the agreed price immediately.

"Of course, I wasn't having any of that, and I told him so plainly. I said he could come on my catamaran with the pearls and hand the rifles out to his men himself if he liked; but that, meanwhile, I had two very powerful little 'woofers,' one in each hand, and that if he tried to be funny I should get the laugh.

"He blinked at me with his one eye for a time, and then paddled off for the pearls, which I counted before I allowed the firearms to be touched. Kiwi insisted on being shown how to work the guns, and, as books of instruction weren't supplied with 'em, I had to give him a lesson. As soon as he got a fair idea, and had rammed a cartridge in, he pointed the rifle at one of his retinue for whom he had no further use and pulled the trigger. Of course, the shot missed; but I made him stop that performance, as I hadn't included man-killing in cold blood in my contract. I believe he thought my request was quite unreasonable, but I made one of my six-shooters 'woof' to show him the strength of my argument, and so he gave the order for the guns to be unloaded. I fancy he was only saving it up for the gentleman he missed the first time.

"Kiwi wanted me to stop behind and act as his Field-Marshal, gunnery instructor, and general confidential adviser, and he swore blue that I could have a catamaran full of pearls if I would do so, to make sure of helping him to lead his toughs to victory. Just for a minute I was a bit dazzled at the prospect of returning home with about half a ton of pearls; but I shied, not being certain exactly how amiable his intentions were. I told him I would think it over, and, as soon as he got into his canoe, I manœuvred the catamaran away and shot the sail up.

"The treacherous old villain actually started to let fly at me with the rotten gun I had shown him how to work; but, of course, it was firing round the corner, so I kept going, and, barring the edge of a typhoon which nearly finished me off half-way to Fiji, I managed to get there all right. I shipped straight back here. As soon as you've converted some of the pearls into cash, I'm going to find my little home on the South Coast and then slip over to Haiti to select my stock of pink monkeys."

"You are the limit," I commented. "Where are the stones? What is the haul worth?"

"Between £40,000 and £50,000, as near as I can say," he replied, "though I'm not a real expert." He was tugging at the fastenings of a capacious belt from which hung strong leather pockets, and, clearing everything off the table, he began to empty the stones on to the cloth.

Dazed by this stupendous exhibition of wealth, I let my fingers play amongst the gems, and then, reaching for a magnifying-glass, began a loving examination of one of the largest.

"Nat," I said, a moment later, in a feeble voice, "had any traders called at the island before you, so far as you know?"

"I think one did, and they ate him. Why?"

"Oh, nothing," I parried, floundering for words; "only—only he must have taken these with him. You see, they aren't pearls, but a cheap imitation, probably made in Birmingham. They might be worth a penny each, but—"

The look in Nat Flynn's face checked me. I waited, half afraid, for the storm to burst.

Suddenly his face cleared, and there was a smile on his lips—a hard, grim smile.

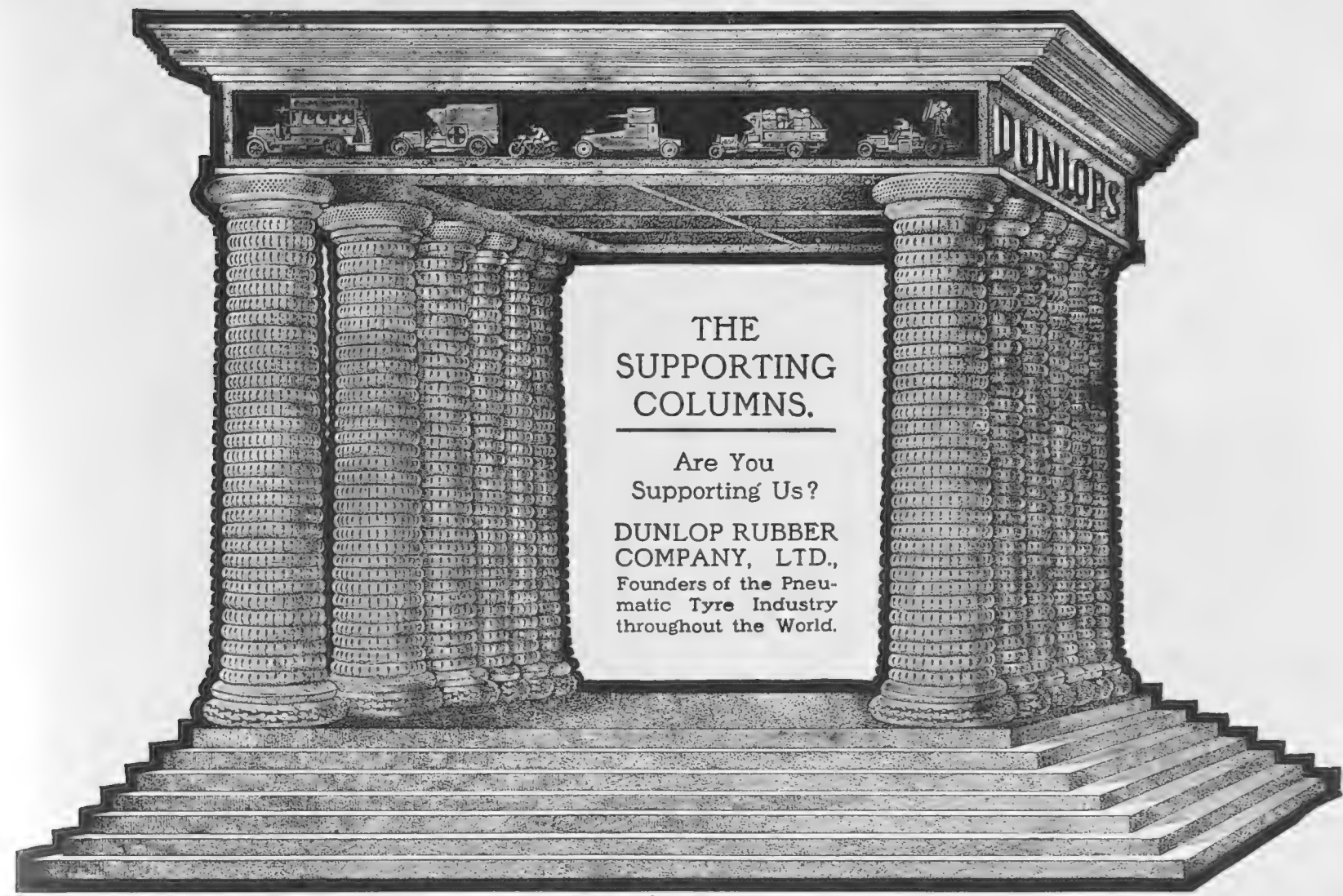
"Now, I wonder how I can get to the Suwarow Islands," he said slowly. "I'm sure dead keen on those pink monkeys, and I have an account to settle with that one-eyed twister."

Before I realised what was happening, he had gripped me by the hand, reached for his hat, and closed the door behind him.

THE END.



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## WOMAN'S WAYS

### Lakes, Fells, and the War.

If there is one corner of the British Isles in these days which the war passes by and leaves unmoved, it is this soft, rainy country of the lakes and fells. Notoriously, these north-western counties have not risen to the occasion, as have Yorkshire, Lancashire, and the lands on the other side of the Tweed. The climate is as soft, rainy, and enervating as that of the South of Ireland; no people living here would have fountains of superabundant energy and audacity. The



AN IRISH PEER'S SON ENGAGED :  
LORD KILCONNEL.

Richard Le Poer Trench, Lord Kilconnel, eldest son and heir of the Earl of Clancarty, of Garbally Court, Co. Galway, has become engaged to Miss Edith Rawlinson, only daughter of Major Alexander Rawlinson, late of the 8th Hussars, and Mrs. Rawlinson. Lord Kilconnel is in his twenty-fourth year.—[Photograph by Poole.]

anything of coming. "What is England's business," he says, "is Canada's." He and his like, to be sure, represent the future British Empire.

### An Indignant Canadian.

Not all of our gallant Canadian auxiliaries, however, speak of "England's business" being "theirs." I have just received an angry letter—so fierce as to be humorous—from one of these plucky youngsters stationed at Shorncliffe Camp. And though, in my capacity of Englishwoman, he tweaks me by the nose, bidding me cease classing him among Englishmen (whom, for some obscure reason, he appears to despise), I can only retaliate by slapping him on the back as a true cub of the British lion. Later on my young correspondent will assimilate his history lessons, and understand what has gone before in this small island to make his amazing Canada possible. For though he professes a sincere liking for Scots, Irish, and French-Canadians, my correspondent from the Dominion furiously resents any hint that he might have English blood in his veins. He candidly declares he hasn't, and doesn't "want it." Yet one might suggest that Shakespeare and Cromwell, Milton and Pitt, were of pure English blood, with no admixture of the Celtic race, and that the things which have been "got done" in the British Empire were done mainly by men of Norman-Saxon birth.

### What Women Could Do in the Army.

In Petrograd there is a hospital full of wounded women soldiers in uniform. They serve in the transport and commissariat. If Russia, with her teeming millions of conscripted soldiers, finds it useful to employ women on active service, why should not we? Why should not women cook "somewhere in France," drive wagons, and, above all, tackle all the huge post-office work out there—a task in which such numbers of men of the military age and physique are employed? The postal problem might indeed be left in feminine hands, as well as much of that clerks' work which keeps men away from the firing line. Nothing irks a soldier more than the endless reports and accounts with which he has to occupy himself instead of the serious business of fighting. There are countless trained and educated women longing to do their share of war work, to whom responsibility is a matter of course and efficiency a duty. Possibly the new Register will set all these things straight.

ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER

### King Albert's "Own."

"Fighting with King Albert" is a pæan of praise of the Belgian Army; but it is a just pæan. It gives all the credit that is due (and that cannot be too much), but it confesses frankly that Belgium's glorious doings would have been even more effective had they been called for a year or two hence: her military forces were in process of reorganisation when war broke out. So much greater the credit of her fighting men, who gave Germany the greatest disappointment and the greatest surprise of her life, for the enemy anticipated a "walk-over" and experienced the world knows what! The biggest military machine was clogged just when it was most vital for its masters and makers that it should run smoothly. Many were responsible for this splendid check—many a leader, and especially, remember, the Belgian people as a whole, those very Belgians some had twitted with over-commercialism and too ardent a love of the domestic hearth and the work of the factory and the field to beat ploughshare into sword. And at the head was Albert, King of the Belgians, the scholar who became soldier on the instant, a knightly figure, a manly leader of men.

### Quick Changes.

The Belgian Army, as we have noted, was being transformed. When Germany tore up the Scrap of Paper there were those who imagined her unready. They were disappointed. The changes came into being more quickly, that was all. The King moved speedily. "The spring will open very probably a second era of great toil, of desperate struggles, of forced marches interspersed with bloody battles. Such an existence requires from our military chiefs a physical vigour and endurance proportioned to the demands which will be made upon them by this campaign of 1915. The King, while fully according his esteem for, and confidence in, our Generals of Division, yet felt how urgent a necessity existed that these important commands should be confided to officers who were young, of robust health, and less subject than their seniors to the illnesses and sudden infirmities inseparable from the hardships and exposures of such a campaign. Consequently, a large number of our General officers are being replaced on account of age."

### King-Soldier.

So King Albert showed strength. In many another way he has proved himself. "His fellow-students at the Ecole Militaire said of him, in their expressive slang, that he was *chic*; his soldiers in the regiment appreciated him as a kind officer, scrupulously just, and good-natured without being weak; his brother-officers always found him an excellent comrade, jovial, and able to forget his high position whilst preserving, without coldness, respect for his personal dignity. His superiors looked upon him as an earnest officer, ready to learn his duties, and always observant of discipline. Prince Albert realised the force of the adage, 'Learn to obey if you would know how to command.'" These are keys to the King's character: "scrupulously just," "an excellent comrade," "always observant of discipline." And he is very human, in the best sense:

"At the outset of hostilities the King took the effective command of the army. . . . Not regarding danger, he closely followed operations, personally controlling their developments. . . . The King, heedless of the danger, to which he was begged not to expose himself, encouraged our men by his august presence."

\* "Fighting with King Albert." By Captain Gabriel de Libert de Flemalle. (Hodder and Stoughton; 1s. net.)



ENGAGED TO LORD KILCONNEL : MISS EDITH RAWLINSON.

Miss Edith Rawlinson is the only daughter of Major and Mrs. Rawlinson, of 19, South Street, Park Lane, and Willowdene, New Milton, Hampshire, and is a grand-daughter of the late Sir Christopher Rawlinson, of Madras, and Lady Rawlinson.

Photograph by Vandyk.



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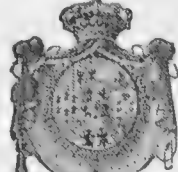
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# THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

## How Not to Dress.

Now that our British weather is altered to three days' thunder and one fine, about the sequence of which we cannot be sure, it is unwise to dress in muslins and zephyrs, with flowers in a summer hat, and to sally forth without either an oilskin or an umbrella. I saw some strange sights on a recent day, when a deluge of rain was announced by a terrific clap of thunder and an almost simultaneous flare of lightning. One girl looked as if she were clad in damp tissue-paper; a lady of weight and dignity, ere she could gain the shelter of the house from the tennis-lawn, in a charming summer flannel skirt and silk shirt, looked as if she had emerged from the family wash-tub, while down one side of her face streamed red dye, and down the other blue, from the trimmings of her hat. There were other weather casualties no less trying; and the verdict, when all were dry and clean and enjoying tea, was that Jupiter Pluvius was against economy!

## The Joys of a Country House.

Many Londoners have taken country houses for the holidays. One set of friends of mine, accustomed to a perfectly organised Wimpole Street household, found themselves in possession of a place on the top of a Surrey hill. The orderly soul of the house-mistress was offended by weeds in the rose-garden, on which her bedroom windows looked out. She therefore, metaphorically, piped all hands to clear the ground. Never were weeds more perseveringly worried and harried. A worn-out but well-pleased household retired to a nobly earned night's rest; but next morning, my word! there wasn't a sound back among the weedeers, nor was tone restored to those overwrought spines for several days. What reck's Wimpole Street of weeds? They are certainly the pest of country gardens just now because of the shortage of labour, and he or she who imagines that gardeners remove weeds knows little of the dignity of gardeners!

**Heels.** There are heels and heels; some so dainty and high and tapered that to be under them seems almost an honour. These are most at home on even pavements and asphalted seaside promenades, in large rooms with oaken or parquet floors, where their tap, tap has a certain fascination. Put them in a hospital ward, and you must put another word before the "ation" to describe the effect. Yet, when voluntary workers in hospitals are asked to wear rubber heels—indeed, are made to do so—the owners of the heels consider that they are being subjected to a great indignity. The woman who meets her menkind on the two last and most cherished holes of the golf links, and pulls these long, tapering heels up out of two or three inches of turf, wonders why her interest in the game is so chillingly received. It is a hard matter to persuade women that there are heels and heels, and that the smart and dainty variety are anathema on some occasions.

**Autumn Hats.** One might suppose that Paris was too busy to make fashions. Not at all: Paris is so accustomed to make them that she would do so unconsciously. There is no sleep-walking quality, however, about the hats for the autumn. They are graceful, becoming, and very much wider in brim than those to which we have become accustomed. There are delicious curves to the brims, and there is a certain demureness about the poise of these pretty hats that is very alluring. They are not suitable for either an open motor-car or an aeroplane; but then, women who

love their own appearance—as every woman ought to do—give up these boisterous kinds of conveyance in the autumn. I saw a pretty girl alight from an aeroplane the other day wearing the duckiest little woollen hood, with her hair just a wee bit blown about under the tiny ruche of it. The effect was charming; it will be exceeded, however, when she emerges from a limousine in one of the new autumn hats.

## The Decline and Fall of the Evening Gown.

Discussing evening dresses the other day, a cynical husband remarked that they were declining and falling until there was so little of them left that their almost complete disappearance is hardly noticed! This was severe, but had some foundation of truth, for anything from £25 to £50 did seem a big price for some of the little—very little—evening frocks that were so much in vogue. They were lovely, and one knew them to be the last whisper in cut and style, and that these illusive qualities had to be paid for, in much the same way as a good address. There are materially minded people, however, who like to see something for their money, and when the evening gown comes to its own again there will be more of it, and it will be of more substantial and costly fabric. Our minds have been wrenched off the charm of light and ethereal things; we shall look more now for grace and dignity.

## The Guns and Anno Domini.

Do the grouse wonder why they have such long hours' respite from the guns this year of war? The guns, poor dears, are not as young as they were, or they are not as whole as they were, having been punctured by German or Turkish bullets or shrapnel. Long days on the moors and mountains are not now indulged in, and some of the men who had suffered from the superfluous energy of youngsters find shooting a pleasanter thing, and decide that when the lads come back, God bless 'em, they will continue to take it easy. The

old gentleman with the scythe is marking people more easily in this time of furious and wholesale battle; the marks are, however, gentler and nobler, for they come of thinking of others, not of passive resistance on selfish grounds. I believe even the grouse are too British to be grateful to the Germans for their partial respite.

From end to end Park Lane has been given over to the war. Now Dudley House has, in Mr. John Ward, a newly gazetted Captain; and Dorchester House (to which Dudley House is, or was, related by marriage) provides shelter for wounded officers. Had Mrs. John Ward's parents, the Whitelaw Reids, still tenanted Dorchester House, the splendid unanimity of Park Lane would have been spoiled by a scrap of neutral ground. As it is, the line is complete. Alford House, of course, is represented very actively in France; and even where Park Lane is not Park Lane—where it becomes merely the backs of houses bearing another street name—it has reason to be proud of itself. In one of those "backs" lives Sir Ian Hamilton—when he is at home.



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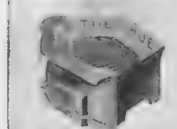


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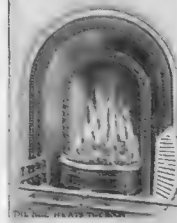
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# THE WHEEL AND THE WING

THE PROBLEM OF THE DARK NIGHTS: EGGS FOR THE WOUNDED: OUR GALLANT AIRMEN.

## A Sensible Regulation.

No particular surprise will be felt, and certainly no great amount of indignation, at the latest regulation as to lights, which is to the effect that the familiar proviso of an hour after sunset and before sunrise is henceforth to be reduced to half-an-hour instead. In actual practice, as a matter of fact, the great majority of motorists have never taken advantage of the letter of the law in this matter, though the average cyclist is fond of cutting matters too fine; they have acted, in fact, in accordance with the dictates of common-sense, and lit their lamps as soon as it was practically dusk. Curiously enough, the law as to lighting up has been the only one of those affecting motorists which was too lax in its requirements; while it is not too much to say that the majority of other regulations err on the side of excessive restriction. The sensible motorist lights his lamps when he cannot see plainly without them, although he can legally go on driving lightless for a considerable time longer; and similarly, on a straight road without traffic or side-roads, he may advance the pace of his car without reference to an arbitrary speed-limit, but, unfortunately, with the probability of falling into a police-trap. It is a thousand pities that the various regulations affecting motoring in this country were not dictated from the beginning by the laws of common-sense instead of, apparently, a desire to hamper locomotion unreasonably.

## Trapping the "Special."

It is not pleasant, by the way, to find that even in war-time police trapping is being more assiduously practised than ever in the Metropolitan area. What possible need can there be for traps to be at work between two and three a.m.? A police-trap requires the concentration of at least three constables at one spot—two for holding the watches, and one to stop the car according to a signal. Is there no better way of utilising the men's energies? In these days of darkened streets, not only do people retire to bed earlier than of yore, but driving of the "furious" kind is practically impossible; yet the traps are laid as though great crowds were spreading themselves over suburban roads in the small hours and requiring protection from furiously driven cars. So rabid, moreover, is constabulary zeal of the trapping order that even special constables, on motoring patrol duty, have been victimised and fined; and they are asking themselves whether, if the effect of placing their services at the disposal of the community is only to render the ordinary police free to lay traps for motorists, there is any necessity for continuing their arduous labours. Personally, if I had been working hard all day, and were then summoned by telephone to report at Scotland Yard in the early hours with my car, only to be trapped on the way thither, as has actually been done in several cases, I should not need to think twice before handing in my "special's" badge and truncheon.

## Another Worthy Object.

Almost innumerable are the ways in which motorists are putting their cars to benevolent purposes, but still another has been found. Energetic efforts are being made to send millions of eggs to the Dardanelles for the benefit of our wounded, and any owner who can spare his car for a day may render valuable service by taking or sending it round his own neighbourhood and gathering in as many eggs as possible. On applying at the offices of the National Egg Collection for the Wounded at 154, Fleet Street, he will be supplied with the necessary boxes and printed matter, and all that he is asked to do at the end of his philanthropic round is to see that the boxes are despatched to the nearest collecting-depot, or to the headquarters at Messrs. Harrod's, Trevor Square, S.W.

## Drives for Wounded Soldiers.

Praiseworthy energy has been displayed by the Motor of late in compiling lists of golf clubs, and also of country houses, to which motorists may drive wounded soldiers and give them tea. In each category

alike the number of favourable responses has been remarkably gratifying, and of itself shows how widespread is the sympathy for those who have suffered grievous hurt in their country's cause. It also proves the existence of a general desire on the part of non-combatants to help wherever it is possible. There are two things, however, which I may add by way of a postscript. As regards golf clubs, there are already many which for some time past have been entertaining, at their own expense, soldiers who may have been brought down by actual members, so that



AT A REVIEW OF CANADIAN TROOPS: PRINCESS ALEXANDER OF TECK; AND GENERALS CARSON, SAM HUGHES, AND MACDOUGALL.

The marriage of Prince Alexander of Teck, brother of the Queen, and Princess Alice of Albany took place at Windsor in February 1904. Her Royal Highness was born in February 1883. Her children are: Princess May, born in January 1906; and Prince Rupert, born in August 1907.—[Photograph by Sport and General.]

the field of benevolence is even wider than the lists above referred to would disclose. In the second place, even more would be done in this respect than has so far been accomplished but for the fact that some hospitals will not allow wounded soldiers who are taken out for a drive to be entertained to tea, or to make any halt whatsoever.

## "They'll Attack You."

There is something infinitely satisfying about the story of the German aviator who was being examined by his superiors before being entrusted with responsible work. Among other things, they asked him how he would recognise the British aeroplanes when he met them, and he at once replied, "They'll attack you." Over and over again we have heard that our gallant airmen never neglect an opportunity of going for enemy aircraft, whereas the pilots of the latter always endeavour to save their necks unless two or three of them together manage to meet an isolated British machine; but this story of the German's reply shows the reputation which our men have gained for dash and daring, and the wholesome fear with which they have imbued the enemy's mind.



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CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

**"Two Sinners."**  
By MRS. DAVID E. RITCHIE.  
(Smith, Elder.)

As the title "Two Sinners" has something of the note of illicit romance in it, let it be said at once that, so far from being anything of the kind, it is a penetrative, poignant study of three sisters' lives—nice, well-bred young Englishwomen whose story is sure to be one of temperament rather than of passions. There is the eldest, a mother to the other two and a saint; Maud, humanly selfish and generous and remorseful by turns; and Stella, pretty, empty, and so untidy that her only way of preserving the turquoise ear-rings in which she lived and moved and had her being was to sleep in them. There is genteel poverty, and there is Major Kames as a way out, Maud helping. But anyone who cares still for that delicate art which we English used to practise so successfully in more leisured times—the story which expressed the nuances of intimate family life, and touched decently, with restraint, the recesses of the heart—will enjoy an unwonted pleasure in following the fortunes of these three women, and sharing the triumphant vindication of the once-dreaded Major Kames. It is a book where family affection and mutual consideration are the vital sources of interest.

**"Love in War Time."**  
By AMBROSE PRATT.  
(T. Werner Laurie.)

Not to be behind the time—which is war time—here is a tale of the Pacific Islands, loud with the guns of the great European Powers at war. The hero—a once-upon-in-better-times English naval surgeon, married to a beautiful German Samoan, and captured, he and his bride and his friends, by a German cruiser, to which those venomous monsters the *Scharnhorst* and the *Gneisenau* come alongside to coal. And there is a mysterious island in those islands of tropic beauty, one X-motu, a German naval post where no merchant vessel has ever gone except in charge of a naval officer, and with such turnings and twistings that none shall ever know the way there and thence. And while the ex-naval surgeon squatted on a stool in the cuddy peeling potatoes for his enemies,

the *Brandenberg* coaled the *Emden* in a glass-still sea. The crews worked like galley-slaves, but the officers feasted and fraternised on champagne. And Lide, the ex-surgeon's bride, was passing lovely, and this was her doom among the said German officers. "She will not live long. The Germans made sure of that." By all of which it will be seen that to turn to Mr. Ambrose Pratt's book from a perusal of the latest sensation of the evening paper of any war-time date will be not in the least manner or degree an anti-climax, but very much the reverse.

**"Hugh Gordon."**  
By ROSAMOND SOUTHEY.  
(Duckworth.)

"Hugh Gordon" comes with the sound of guns, for it is really an episode of the Boer War. Love, intrigue, and battle are boon companions for a rousing tale, and Miss Southey's story is a rousing tale not without tragic echoes of that far-away year when we read with anxious hearts such bulletins as "Hard pressed" from the defenders of Ladysmith. Incident and action, treason and battle, are too breathless a business for deliberate characterisation. So grapes must be gathered from vines, and thistles expected on their prickly stalks as by immemorial custom; so this woman looks, and invariably is, sweet and noble; that one attractive but dangerous; and the men must always be intense or happy-go-lucky, honest, slim (in the Boer sense), a good sort or a bad sort, according to their labels. But Spion Kop, where that *beau sabreur* of the title rôle found his death with the great charge of Scarlett's Horse; Ladysmith, in her ring of fire-breathing hills, trying the hearts of women and testing the endurance of men—all the air of that difficult campaign is too resonant for much beside. The march into Ladysmith of its long-prayed-for deliverers is an ideal close to such a story. With laughter and songs the exhausted garrison and the very dirty, disreputable, and war-bedraggled deliverers met and mingled. They met under the flag they had all kept flying: Miss Southey remarks it on the clock-tower, "flying its crosses of the Union up towards the sky that alone bounds the race for whom that flag stands as their deathless symbol of Empire."

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## "A Symphony in Smoke"

# In Summer-time all Cigarette faults become apparent

**S**OME cigarettes are too strong—too "heavy." They "catch" the throat. Some are so mild that they are insipid, flat, lacking in character. Some are "hot" to the tongue—but whatever the fault, it is most apparent on a warm summer day.

Enjoyable always—you will appreciate "De Reszke" Cigarettes more in Summer than at any other time. Their blend—it has become famous the world over—is unique in its combination of all the virtues sought for in a cigarette.

The "De Reszke" has *flavour*—the full, rich, fragrant, mellow flavour of the finest leaf.

The "De Reszke" is *mild*—so mild that you can smoke as many as 40 cigarettes in a day, and you will not notice the slightest irritation of the throat.

The "De Reszke" is *cool*—the superb "De Reszke" flavour comes to the tongue with all the refreshing coolness of a soft summer breeze.

Three out of every four smokers willing to pay their price—smoke "De Reszke's." If you are not of their number, buy a box to-day, and compare them, virtue for virtue, with the brand you usually favour. Only by comparison can you prove to your own satisfaction that the superiority we claim for "De Reszke" Cigarettes is substantiated in fact. That is why we invite the test.

### ONE QUALITY ONLY—THE BEST.

	10	25	50	100
TENOR (large size) .. ..	9d.	1/9	3/4	6/3
BASSO (extra large size) .. ..	1/-	2/3	4/4	8/3
SOPRANO (Ladies' size) .. ..	6½d.	1/4	2/8	5/3

Your attention is particularly directed to the "De Reszke" AMERICAN Cigarette, which is recognised in the Trade as the finest cigarette of its kind in England.

6½d. per 10; 1/4 per 25; 2/8 per 50; 5/3 per 100.

### A REDUCTION

of 1/- per 100 is made on 200 or more "De Reszke" Cigarettes sent to soldiers or sailors on active service. Postage extra.

Sold by all Tobacconists and Stores, or post free from J. MILLHOFF & CO., Ltd. (Dept. 3), 86, Piccadilly, London, W.



*A winsome, clever, cool coquette*

